

BRITISH LINE HOLDS FIRM—GERMAN FAILURE

The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918

One Penny.

THE YEA AND NAY OF CONSCRIPTION IN IRELAND



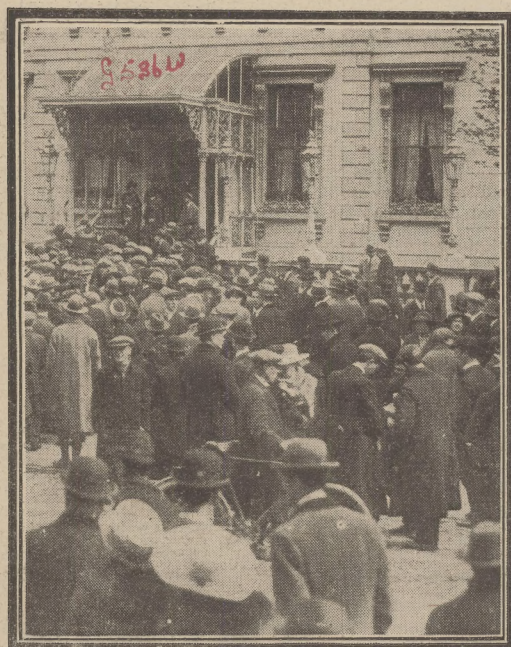
One of the placards displayed at the Belfast workers' demonstration.



Field-Marshal Lord French, who has proceeded to Ireland with his staff.



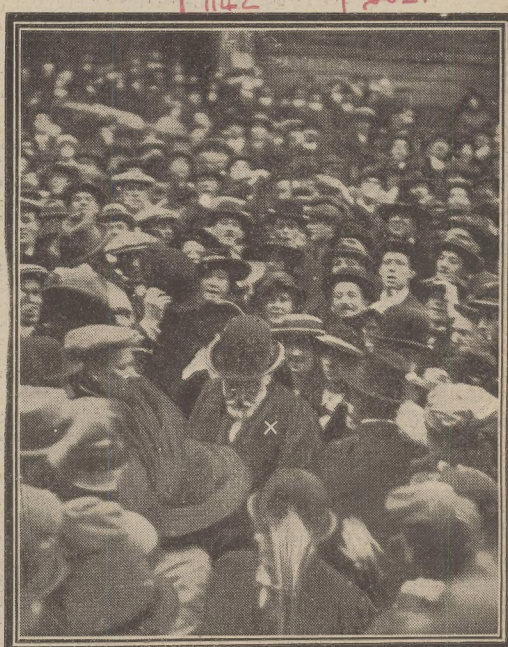
A great crowd at Belfast on its way to break up an anti-conscription meeting organised by Sinn Féiners and Labour and Socialist organisations. They succeeded in doing so, fortunately, without serious violence.



Crowd outside the Dublin Mansion House during the conference.



Mr. J. Devlin leaves conference.



At Dublin. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., in the crowd.

Notable demonstrations have taken place in Ireland both for and against the Government's conscription proposals, and the greatest excitement prevails. The Irish leaders have met at the Mansion House in Dublin to consider the measures to be taken to resist

the imposition of conscription upon Ireland, and, on the other hand, great meetings in favour of conscription are recorded from Belfast. In the meanwhile Field-Marshal Lord French has arrived in Dublin.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
*PATRICK'S DAY AND DOUBLE DECK.
BOUVERIE.

GERMANS SQUARELY BEATEN IN GIVENCHY BATTLE

Hun Plan to Approach Bethune from Two Sides Completely Fails.

BRITISH FRONT FIRM—BIG Foe LOSSES.

Six German Divisions in the Fray—Italian Troops Coming to Fight in France.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Friday.

11 A.M.—The hostile attacks reported to be in progress yesterday morning south of Kemmel were successfully repulsed, and other attacks launched by the enemy in this locality during the evening were broken up by our artillery and machine-gun fire.

With the exception of artillery activity on both sides in the battle sectors the night has passed comparatively quietly.

We captured a few prisoners and machine guns as the result of minor enterprises at different points.

Regiments of six different German divisions are now known to have been engaged in the unsuccessful attacks delivered by the enemy yesterday in the Givenchy, St. Venant sector.

The fighting at Givenchy, as on other parts of this front, ended in the complete repulse of the enemy, who, at the end of the most determined and costly assault, was only able to secure a limited footing at one or two points in our more advanced defences.

The enemy is known to have suffered heavy casualties from our artillery fire prior to the opening of his attacks, and his losses in the course of the day's fighting were equally severe.

7.22 P.M.—There has been no change during the day on the British front. The enemy's artillery has been active at different points and at dawn this morning heavily shelled our positions in the neighbourhood of Caudescure, north of Merville. No infantry action followed.

Our own artillery effectively engaged hostile troops and transport moving along roads behind the Lys battle front.

ENEMY VAGUENESS ABOUT GIVENCHY BATTLE.

Berlin Harps on Fighting and Shelling on the Avre.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Friday Afternoon.—On the Flemish crater-field engagements between our reconnoitring detachments and Belgian and English posts developed several times.

Strong attacks launched by the enemy on the north and north-west against Wytschaete were repulsed.

Between Bailloul and La Bassee there was lively fighting activity on the part of the artillery.

North-west of Bethune our infantry made a thrust against the hostile lines north of the La Bassee Canal and captured some guns. Near Festubert and Givenchy fluctuating fighting is taking place. We made over 600 prisoners.

The increased firing activity of the past few days on the Avre was succeeded yesterday by strong deeply-ranked French attacks against Morisel and Moreuil. On both banks of the Avre, through the Senecat Wood and on both sides of the Ally-Moreuil road close-attacking waves several times attacked in vain.

During a bitter struggle the enemy was driven back suffering sanguinary losses.

Strong artillery fire continues even during the night on this fighting sector.

Night.—There is nothing new to report from the battle fronts.

After their failures of yesterday, the French have not renewed their attacks north-west of Moreuil.

WHY WE CALL Foe HUNS.

If any explanation were still needed as to why we insist upon calling the enemy Huns, says Reuter's special correspondent with the Armies in France, it is surely furnished by a letter which has fallen into our hands, written by an officer of an Alpine corps.

He says: "In order to get everything for yourself you must keep a sharp look-out, especially if we advance, for booty. In that case there will surely be enough. We have made up our minds to plunder again ruthlessly."

HUNS IN UKRAINE.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Ukraine.—We have occupied Tschepinka and Melitopol in Taurida.

Macedonia.—Thrusting troops' enterprises in the Corra bend brought in some Italian and Serbian prisoners.

FRENCH BAG ON AVRE NOW 20 OFFICERS AND 630 MEN.

Machine-Gun Nests Destroyed and Captives Taken in Further Raids.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Friday.—There was a somewhat violent bombardment on both sides in the Castel-Mailly-Raineval region.

In the course of the night we destroyed some machine-gun nests on the front of yesterday's attack. The number of prisoners we have taken now reaches 650, including twenty officers.

To the north of Bezonvaux we made a successful surprise attack and brought back some prisoners.

Night.—There was no infantry action during the day. The artillery duel was very lively in the region of Castel, Grivesnes and on the right bank of the Meuse.—Reuter.

WHY THE RHINE VALLEY TOWNS ARE ANXIOUS.

M. Barres on "Something Not Bad in Way of Bombardment."

PARIS, Friday.—M. Maurice Barres, in the *Le De Paris*, writing on the superiority of the French in aviation, mentions that on or about March 23, when the Germans were making their advance, General Petain collected eighty aeroplanes and sent them to attack the enemy.

They flew as low as two and a half yards from the ground, moving down the enemy's infantry with their machine guns.

"M. Barres adds that within a very short time we are going to produce something not bad in the way of bombardment. That is why in the Rhine Valley they are keen on limiting the employment of aeroplanes."—Reuter.

9 TONS OF BOMBS ON Foe.

BRITISH AIR OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday. 7.32 A.M.—On the 18th inst. the weather made it impossible during the day for our aeroplanes to do more than carry out low reconnaissance and to drop a few bombs in the battle area.

At night nine tons of bombs were dropped on Bapaume, Armentieres, Warneton, and on the railway junction at Chaumes. All our machines returned.



We hold Givenchy (east of Bethune) despite the fact that the Germans made the most determined attacks in this area.

ITALIAN TROOPS TO FIGHT IN FRANCE.

"Proud of Opportunity of Standing Side by Side with Allies."

Rome, Friday.—It is announced that shortly the colours of several Italian regiments will float by the side of those of the Allied troops in France.—Reuter.

The declaration of the Italian Premier to the Chamber of Deputies that the Italian Army is the right wing of a united army and that Italian regiments will shortly participate in the French battle was (says an Italian wireless message) received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Socialist Deputies joined in the Premier's greetings to the French, English and American Armies.

The Italian Army and the people have received the news with the greatest satisfaction, and are proud to think that the Italians are to have the opportunity of proving their valour alongside of French, English and American troops.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Friday.—In the Asiago Basin, British detachments carried out successful actions against hostile advanced posts, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy, and capturing twenty-two prisoners.

A British anti-aircraft battery shot down an enemy aeroplane.

Austrian Official.—Between the Adige and the Piave the fighting activity continues to be lively. On the plains of the Seven Communes several Italian thrusts were repulsed.

REICHSTAG STILL HOPES TO WIN BY SUBMARINES.

Count Westarp Says Unrestricted U-Boat War Must Continue.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A Berlin telegram states that the Conservative leader, Count Westarp, speaking at yesterday's resumption of the debate on Naval Estimates in the Main Committee of the Reichstag, said:

"With the exception of the Independent Social Democrats, the Main Committee is unanimous of opinion that the unrestricted U-boat war must continue. It is regarded as a means of attaining peace by making England submissive."

In my opinion, even if England proposed an armistice, the raising of the blockade cannot be regarded as adequate compensation for the abandonment of the U-boat war."—Reuter.

KUHLMANN TO GO?

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The *Rheinische Westfaelische Zeitung* publishes a letter from Berlin stating the possibility of Herr von Kuhlmann's retirement is much talked about. It is said that he will resign at the latest after the termination of the Bukarest negotiations.

Herr von Kuhlmann feels he is no longer the right man for directing the settlement of the western questions.—Reuter.

OSTEND SHELLED.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday (received yesterday).—A Berlin official telegram says Ostend was bombarded from the sea last night. No military damage was done.

On the morning of April 18 our torpedo-boat forces fired 600 shells on enemy camps and storage places between Dunkirk and Nieuport.—Reuter.

"AN UNMISTAKABLE KNOCK" FOR GERMANS.

"Open Warfare" the Hun Wanted—and Got.

FOE EXAGGERATION.

FROM HAMILTON FIFE.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, Friday. "The Huns wanted open warfare. Well, yesterday they got it," was one of the comments I heard this morning from officers engaged in the repulse of the second German effort made yesterday to take Givenchy and secure Bethune.

This is the most complete and unmistakable knock that the enemy has had.

He put in large forces, very much larger, I may say, than ours; he started with a bombardment more intense even than those at the beginning of the offensive; yet he was squarely and solidly beaten.

No doubt he will try, by enormously exaggerating the number of prisoners taken by him, to persuade the German nation that the affair was not an utter failure.

BOCHE YARNS.

I had the opportunity this morning of asking one who held an important command in yesterday's engagement whether he had had many men captured. He replied:—

Only the wounded; they couldn't help being taken, poor beggars. Not a very heavy lot. But don't you suppose that the Boche won't pitch a yarn about them. He has done this for ages past.

I once saw in their official report that they had taken a certain number prisoners in an engagement against troops under my command. "Do you think you lost as many?" I was asked. "I know I did not," I was able to reply, "for the very good reason that I had not that number of men in the fight."

A man of the 104th Reserve German Division who was in action against us the other day wrote a letter which fell into our hands to the following effect:—

How the battle is going I would rather not say, but this I will tell you—that the Englishmen are tough opponents and give us an extremely bad time with their machine guns.

The fighting at Givenchy was terribly costly. Some of our machine gunners went on firing out in the open after their emplacements had been flattened, until the Germans were within fifty yards of them; our artillery did valuable execution while they were concentrating; by rifle fire we broke the force of wave after wave.

While yesterday's main attack was against Givenchy, there was an attempt to get across the La Bassee Canal north of Bethune, and thus to approach the town from two sides at once; in both directions the failure of the enemy was complete.

On the canal bank opposite to us we had outposts. Some little way behind this bank was the wood of Pacaut, filled with German reinforcements.

BULLET-RIDDLED WOOD.

Between three and four on Thursday morning it became clear that an attack was coming. This gave our outposts on that side of the canal their opportunity. Tilly carried their machine guns as near to the edges of the wood as they could get, and they poured in a deadly fire, very discomposing to the men gathering for the attack.

At 4.10 a party of some seventy Germans made a rush for the bridge, those who ran forward were caught by our rifle fire; those who stayed where they were fell in heaps under our machine guns.

Five minutes' interval; then came another lot, not so many this time. There was no hesitation now; they had been ordered to make a dash for the canal. They did this, and a good many reached it, not at the bridge, but at a point some little distance from it.

Here they threw down the sections of a pontoon bridge, which some of them carried.

It was a bridge supported on bags of air, like immense air cushions. They got it into the water, but it only went halfway across. Nevertheless, one of them ran on to it and was shot down at once. No others followed.

ATTACK BY 125,000.

PARIS, Friday.—The British on the Givenchy-Robecq front were attacked by eleven German divisions, that is to say, by at least 125,000 men, and they splendidly resisted the assault without yielding an inch of ground.—Exchange.

ANOTHER GERMAN LIE.

German war correspondents have been instructed to proclaim that Britain, as usual, is placing Colonial troops in the hardest and most difficult positions.

So far from placing Dominion troops in the most dangerous parts of the line in the recent battle (writes Mr. Bean, the correspondent with the Australian troops), Sir Douglas Haig, though he knew where the attacks were coming, had only English, Scottish and Irish troops there. No Australian, Canadian or New Zealand troops were involved in that first tremendous bombardment and massed assault.

PRIMROSE DAY IN LONDON.



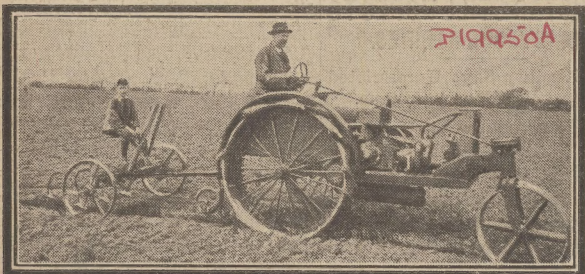
Primrose League deputation placing a wreath on Lord Beaconsfield's statue.



A member of the senior service purchases his bunch of the day's flowers.

The many preoccupations of war time were not allowed to interfere with the due celebration of Primrose Day. The yellow flowers were to be seen everywhere in the streets.

PARSON-FARMER AT WORK IN THE FIELDS.



The Rev. J. Grange Bennett, the well-known Wesleyan evangelist, does fourteen hours' farm work a day, and still finds time for preaching.



RED CROSS.—Lady Doughty, widow of the late Sir George Doughty. She is engaged in special duties with the Australian Red Cross.



PEARL DONOR.—The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who has added a pearl to the collection being made for the Red Cross.



WAR WORKER.—The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Mills, formerly the Hon. Edith Cadogan, daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and Lady Meux.

FOR COOLNESS AND BRAVERY



Maj. G. L. D. Bewcastle, D.S.O., of the Royal Garrison Artillery, received the Military Cross for gallantry in action.



Stoker P.O. Symonds, awarded the D.S.M. for saving a comrade's life by performing an amputation in an emergency.



Maj. the Rev. J. Patten, of Alnwick, awarded the M.C. for courage in bringing a wounded through a heavy barrage.



Lord de Mauley was last seen fifty yards from this cottage by a farm lad, who was able to give a recognisable description of him.

The mystery of Lord de Mauley's disappearance is still unsolved. On Saturday, although seventy-five years of age, he set out on a cycling journey from Yeovil to Wantage—a distance of about 100 miles—but no trace of him has been found.

FRENCH RECRUITS' WHEELBARROW EXERCISE.



At a training camp in the department of the Oise. The very greatest care is taken to make the French soldier fit, and his exercises are both strenuous and varied.

DESTRUCTION OF RHEIMS AT LAST COMPLETED.



As if in anger at the appalling cost of its inconclusive push on the western front, the German command has set to work to reduce Rheims and its famous cathedral to ruins. The civil population, which numbered 120,000 in time of peace, is now almost gone. German kultur has added another atrocity to its list of horrors.

THE MI



The farmer

ON FOCH'S who has v Allied War be Genera



The Rev. V. continued his the havoc and bombs parsonage

BARON WOMAN'S VARIED ACTIVITIES



P8044
Mrs. George Bell, wife of Capt. G. B. Hill, and daughter of Mr. J. H. Johnston, M.P., bus/loper/worker.



P19911
Miss Helen Raymond, the latest "star" from America, plays the leading part in "The Caesars" at the Apollo Theatre.



P18894
Mrs. Henry Chetwynd, wife of Maj. Chetwynd, mentioned for her valuable work in Egypt. She is working at the War Office.



P19948
Police and helpers make a thorough search of the downs. The search is still proceeding, and, as usual, the services of boy scouts have been requisitioned.

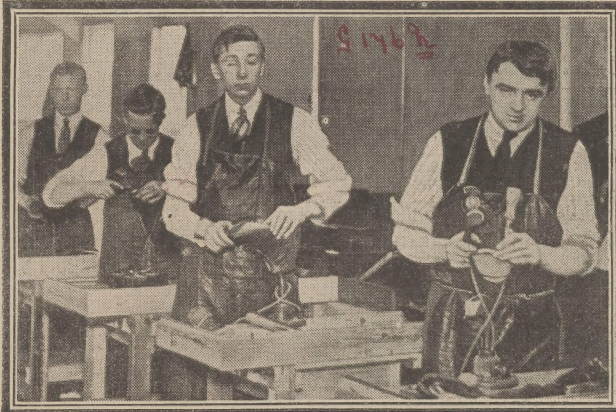
ed his destination nor returned. His bicycle was found about eight miles from Wantage. No explanation of his disappearance is forthcoming.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

PATRIOTIC PEER PLOUGHING UP HIS PARK.



P51418
Lord Falmouth ploughing up his deer park in front of Tregthen Mansion. He is one of many peers who are laying great areas of land under cultivation.

REPAIRING BOOTS FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.



P1462
One of the many industries carried on at St. Dunstan's is the repairing of Army boots. The work turned out by the blind workmen has given every satisfaction. The quickness with which they master the art and craft of boot repairing is remarkable.

WHILE GUNS ARE ROARING.



P9108
Prisoners captured by Canadians during a night raid.—(Canadian official.)



P11923N
A halt for dinner in the midst of what was once a village.—(Official photograph.)



P11923N
British and French soldiers under the top of a motor-car.—(Official.)

Only just behind the straining line of battle our soldiers "carry on" as though nothing out of the usual were happening. Coolness and confidence mark all of them.



P4448
FOOD SUPPLY.—Mr. F. G. Kellaway, M.P., appointed Chairman of Committee to advise on supply of food to munition works here.



P19948
CROIX DE GUERRE.—Col. T. du Bedat, Wiltshire, C.M.G., M.B., Army Medical Service, receives the Croix de Guerre for distinguished services.



P199504
MARRIED.—Capt. J. H. O. Jones, Royal Air Force, Croix de Guerre, who is to be married to-day at St. George's, Bloomsbury.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1918.

ON GETTING USED TO IT.

ONE expects almost that Nature will make some demonstration of sympathy with humanity in these days; perhaps that she will interrupt her ordinarieness and cease to allow the buds to appear on the war-weary London trees.

It is not so. Even at the front, across blackened and ruined acres, the soldier sees faint sproutings here and there, a medicinal green, Nature beginning to patch things up a little.

And he is very glad that the larks sing far above him, as ever, in spite of aeroplanes. He is glad, as we at home are, because he and we see here something lasting in a world where "all things flow away, nothing remaineth"—in a world where, rather, all things are blown to bits, few things escape destruction.

But there is another consolation to be got from the appearances of Nature on days of heavy strain.

She gives lessons in the art of getting used to things.

Hardy flowers grow somehow under difficulties. Trees, shut out from light, yet strain out towards what light they can still get. Everything adapts itself—or dies. But perhaps the adaptation is the thing to think about; not the death.

"One gets used to everything"—the trite remark was made too by the Buddhist Saint, asked how he managed to endure his perpetual pilgrimage along a damp or dusty road. It kills one; or one kills it. One gets used. A new offensive, a new horror, a new war nuisance, a new discomfort—they all hurt and perplex more at first than later. One is fed up. Then one is less fed up. Then one is resigned. This is the sort of moral armour we find as an equivalent to the shrapnel helmet and the rest.

Yet people talk of the "breaking point" and of a time coming when "really we shall not be able to endure it any more."

What happens when they don't endure it any more?

Do they collapse, explode, disappear? Perhaps they go into nursing homes. But that would be worse than enduring it! Better to carry on then. Better to believe, not that there is a breaking point, but that the longer strain lasts the greater becomes the power of resistance. Very largely, if you believe it, it becomes so. You can go on so long as you believe you can.

We know that this applies unfortunately to the enemy too. But it applies first to ourselves; and we shall consume our dose of the tonic, without inquiring whether the enemy has his supply. We shall avail ourselves of the mounting energy under Earth's crust this spring by determining to go on towards the right end without faltering; the art of getting used to it shall carry us over the road still to be trodden in damp or dust, till the end be reached. W. M.

SWEET LOVE REMEMBERED.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 19.—Early, mid-season and late potatoes should now be planted as soon as possible. But it must be remembered that it is very unwise to do the work when the ground is in a saturated condition.

Sprouted tubers may safely be planted in the south; but in cold districts it will be best to wait for a week or so unless the young shoots can be protected from frost in some way.

If the time can be spared, set potatoes in shallow trenches instead of dropping them into holes. E. F. T.



New picture of Miss Elizabeth Pollock, Mr. Adrian Pollock's daughter.



Mrs. Charles Curzon, daughter of Sir James Mills, K.C.M.G., of New Zealand.

CONFIDENCE.

The English Soldier and St. George's Day—King's Third Son for the Army.

LONDON SEEMED more cheerful yesterday than it has been all the week. Confidence in Haig and Foch was universal. The tone of the British communiques and the words of that wonderful old man M. Clemenceau put everybody in good heart.

Dym Sassenach.—Some of the Welsh M.P.s and notably Mr. Ellis Davies are busy trying

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Notable Wedding.—Two great families are united by the marriage of the Hon. Francis Stanley, Lord Derby's brother, with Lady Mary Crichton. The bride is a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster, and was first married to Viscount Crichton, who made the great sacrifice early in the war.

A Soldier.—The bridegroom is both a brave and clever soldier. He led his Life Guards with skill and resolution on a certain memorable day in November, 1914, protecting the right flank of the 4th Guards Brigade, which had become uncovered during the retreat of part of the line. For this he got the D.S.O.

The Famine.—The Control Board is insisting that tobacconists and match-sellers exhibit their prices. It would be more to the point if they exhibited their matches!

Broken Down.—Nobody is surprised to hear of the Marquis of Bute's breakdown in health, which compels him to retire for the time from

For Serbians.—No better friend to Serbian and other relief funds exists than Lady Greville, whom here you see. She had been the wife of a New Yorker, Henry Kerr, before she married Lord Greville in 1900, but is English by birth, belonging to a good old Kentish family. Her husband was formerly in the Hussars and saw some fighting with the Matabele in one of their outbreaks.



Lady Greville.

St. George for England.—General Sir Ivor Phillips does not see why Irish soldiers should be favoured above the other warriors of Britain. So he is urging that English soldiers should be permitted to wear a red rose on St. George's Day next week, and Welsh soldiers a daffodil on St. David's Day when it comes.

Royal Communal Kitchen.—Wherever the King and Queen are staying the cuisine department is communal, the same meals being cooked for their Majesties and their whole household and strictly rationed.

Yet More Dickens.—"I wish that Dickens had written more novels," said a wounded soldier yesterday. A bookseller in the Strand echoed the wish. It seems that wounded soldiers cannot read Dickens enough. My informant said he had not a copy of any of Dickens' novels left.

Shakespearean.—The Shakespeare Festival is due at the "Old Vic" next week. On Friday evening Mr. Arthur Bourchier will play Shylock. You will remember that "The Merchant of Venice" had a long run at the Garrick years ago, with Mr. Bourchier as the vindictive Hebrew.

"On the Knee!"—Many people who have been vaccinated are not wearing red tape round their arms. There is a growing demand, so a doctor says, for vaccination just above the knee.

Anzac Jockey.—Langford, the Australian jockey, who is riding with such success for the Cardiff shipping magnate, Sir William Tatem, is a real "Anzac." He took part in the tragic gamble of Gallipoli and also fought in France. He is now "invalided out."

Surrey Cricket.—Surrey will have some distinguished committee men when the cricket season begins. Lord Ashcombe and the Bishop of Southwark will be on the committee.

Schoolboy International.—Captain W. Neilson, of the H.L.I., who is reported missing, is the famous international three-quarter who played for Scotland. Afterwards he went up to Cambridge and quickly received his Blue. Captain Neilson, an old Lorettonian, was one of the most popular members of the London Scottish.

A Dancer.—Miss Arlette Ravenna, who played the leading part in Miss Eric Beale's Egyptian Fantasia at the Shaftesbury yesterday, is Monsieur D'Egville's leading pupil. It was not the first time she had danced before Queen Alexandra.

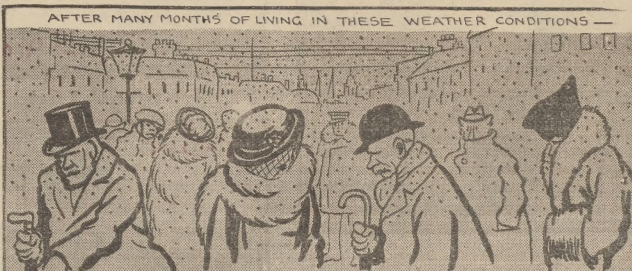
All Criminals!—You would not think, to look at the pleasant face herewith of Sir Robert Armstrong Jones, that he up and said at a court-martial the other day that we were all potential criminals. He knows more about the "mind diseased" than most people, and is leader on mental troubles at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

In the course of his studies he has visited asylums in all the civilised countries of Europe, besides Germany and Austria.

Out of the Army.—Lord Forester, who is fifty, has laid down his Territorial commission "on ceasing to be employed." He lost his youngest brother, Major the Hon. Arthur Weld, of the Grenadier Guards, early in the war. Another brother is still fighting, and has been wounded.

THE RAMBLER.

THE ETERNAL WEATHER HOPEFULNESS OF THE BRITON.



A FAINT GLEAM ONE DAY APPEARS IN THE SKY. "AH!" SAYS EVERYONE, "SPRING IS HERE!"



— AND SO IT IS !



"Now the spring has come!" he says every year. And when it comes, he has reason to be sorry he spoke!—(E. W. K. Haselden.)

to get the War Office to ordain that all Welsh-speaking men called up under the new Act must be trained by Welsh-speaking officers. To many of the older men from the country districts English is a foreign language.

Prince Henry.—The King's third son is nearly eighteen, and has already taken up a military career. He has passed the entrance examination for Sandhurst, getting nearly 6,000 marks, which is better than the average.

Primrose Day.—Quite a lot of the little yellow flower associated with the name of Lord Beaconsfield was to be seen about yesterday. It chiefly adorned young women and lads, to whom the Conservative leader was as much a figure of history as Cromwell or Alfred

"Aggravating."—I was talking with one of the Irish M.P.s about things in general before he crossed the Channel, and was amused when he said: "I never met a man so aggravating as Lloyd George; he never loses his temper."

his duties in Wales. He was bitterly disappointed when a medical board refused to let him do any fighting.

In Franco.—Last autumn he was in France on an important mission to General Headquarters. He raised a brigade of mountain artillery before the war.

On Profitteering.—Lady Dorothy Mills opens a shop next week, the plan being to benefit the Bulldog Club. Lady Dorothy says she will be in charge, and her intention is to sell everything at market prices. "This is not the time for profiteering—even for charity," she added.

War Posters.—Mr. F. Gregory Brown tells me that he is commissioned to design some posters by the National War Savings Committee, and is getting to work on them. Mr. Brown is a well-known exhibitor at the principal shows and designed those "Safety First" posters, which you have noticed in the tubes and elsewhere.



Sir R. Armstrong Jones.

ARE YOU CHAINED TO GREY HAIR?

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY THAT WILL AFFORD RELIEF.

Gratis "Test" Treatment for All Who Desire to Restore Youthful Hair Colour.

THERE is a wide gulf separating the Grey-haired man and woman from those around them.

"Grey-haired" is a restraint unpleasant to experience. Thousands to-day bear this sign of old age without the least need to.

For grey hair has been conquered by the discovery of a wonderful new preparation which is not a dye or stain, but actually, when applied to the hair, restores its true, original colour within the hair.

Women particularly who are grey or turning grey, and who feel that so many men are keeping fit and well-trained in the great British Army, they are getting older, this unique discovery will affect.

AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

No woman of refinement cares to use a messy, harmful, hair-poisoning dye or stain. Rather would she face age-giving greyness. "Astol" is her great opportunity to restore her grey hair to its natural colour by a simple "Few-Minutes-a-Day" Method which never fails.



Grey-haired women, and men, too, are often surprised to find themselves left out of the pleasures of life. They are considered too old. Why not let "Astol" give you back that youthful appearance by permanently restoring your hair colour?

"Astol," as the evidence of a number of Society men and women who have used it conclusively proves, does and will immediately restore your lost hair colour. This statement you are invited to test free of cost or obligation. (See Coupons below.)

CONTENTS OF FREE "AST L" OUTFIT.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation which, applied for a few minutes to the hair in the morning, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless.

2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp cleaner, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of an interesting book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," which explains the use of "Astol."

The treatment only takes about two minutes a day. A "Cremex" Shampoo Powder is a delightfully refreshing and invigorating. It cleanses the scalp and is very soothing to a tired brain or nerves. "Astol" restores its natural colour by a simple "Few-Minutes-a-Day" method which never fails.

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NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, put this coupon to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope Sample Dept.
"Daily Mirror," 20/4/18.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL

By MAY CHRISTIE

PEOPLE IN THE LOOK.

BETTY GORDON, a country girl, falls in love with JACK TREVOR, a rich young man, who also makes love to her. He later introduces her to APRIL MOORE, an unscrupulous girl, as his fiancée. Betty, in order to get away from the scene of her sad memories, goes to London, April Moore travelling in the same carriage with her, but on arrival Betty is horrified to see CHARLIE DAVON, the man whom April really loves, kiss her on the platform.

"A BEAUTY!"

THERE was no sign of Mrs. Carton anywhere on the platform when Betty stepped out of the railway carriage, suit-case in hand and with a heavy weight at her heart.

What an intolerable journey it had been! April's chatter—those chance remarks—how they had wounded her! Were they really chance remarks? Although she had not raised her head from the pages of her magazine, instinct told Betty that the other girl had often been watching her.

What was it she had said? "Jack and I understand each other thoroughly—he's the most affectionate boy in the world!" April had sung in her glory, and Betty's glad heart, when she uttered the words, as though anxious to see the effect they created.

But not April could have no possible suspicion as to what had really happened in regard to Trevor. So far Betty's relations. Besides, it was only a passing whim of his, an idle infatuation sprung from an act of chivalry. With such a sweetly pretty facade as April, how could any man want to look at another girl! Conceit had certainly never ranked among Betty Gordon's failings.

She must learn at once to put all thoughts of Trevor from her mind. Ah, if only she had never met him!

She stood there on the platform of the draughty London station, with a far-away look in her lovely eyes. For the moment she had forgotten the busy scene about her.

"Why, if this isn't little Betty Gordon, grown tall and dignified!" A bright-faced, smartly-dressed little woman had bustled up to Betty, kissing her first on one cheek and then on the other. "My dear, I'm most delighted to see you. I never should have recognised you if I hadn't taken a good long look! Let's get away at once—I've got a taxicab waiting. Is this all your luggage? Here, porter, carry this suit-case—over here!"

Mrs. Carton laid an affectionate hand on Betty's arm. She was genuinely fond of the young girl. Betty was so sweet, so lovable, so gentle—so different from the girl of Mrs. Carton's—see. There was something just a little old-fashioned in Betty's gentle, quiet ways—and yet the girl had plenty of character and grit.

Just her mother over again! The voluble little lady went on, and Betty's mother was my dearest friend!

"You were in the 'flapper' stage the last time you stayed with me in London, Betty." Mrs. Carton was looking admiringly at her young friend. "And even then, if I remember aright, you were a breaker of hearts. It will be worse than ever now that you've grown into a beauty."

"A beauty?" Betty laughed aloud. Mrs. Carton was quick to notice a trace of bitterness in the laugh and a look of sadness in the girl's lovely eyes. "People have never called me beautiful—and never will."

"I'm finished with you, my dear. Just wait till I've finished with you."

Mrs. Carton swung open the taxi door. "Get inside, Betty." She gave a quick direction to the driver. When they were seated side by side she said:

"Now, I hope you've come up to London prepared to have a thoroughly good time. You've been shut up in the country far too long, in my opinion. You're a dear, my dear. I know that Marion's an angel, and all that sort of thing. I'm very fond of her myself. But what I've always said is that you need more young society, more gaiety. You weren't born to blush under the waste your sweetness on the cows and chickens."

"But the country isn't altogether a desert!" Betty was smiling at the little lady's garrulity.

Well, as far as men are concerned, I think it is. Mrs. Carton's bright blue eyes twinkled. She had decided that the bracing process was what Betty needed. She fervently hoped there was no country lover in the offing. "A girl with Betty's looks and brain and breeding could surely make an excellent marriage. Several eligible 'parties' jumped to her mind. Mrs. Carton was a born match-maker.

She paused for a moment, then added:

"Don't tell me you've fallen in love with the village curate—there were three who used to adore you as a flapper, I remember! I can't encourage any rustic amours, Betty, my child—not for a girl like you!"

"I—I don't want any love affairs," said Betty quickly. Her throat felt suddenly parched and dry, and it was with difficulty that she staved her voice as she spoke. Mrs. Carton, looking at her, realised with marvellous intuition that Betty's love affair had been a real and a painful business, and that any mention of love was going to touch a sore spot in the girl's heart.

But about she merely said:—"London's the place to have a good time and you're going to enjoy yourself and be very happy."

FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

AFTERNOON tea in Mrs. Carton's pretty drawing-room was a delightful institution of which her friends were only too anxious to avail themselves.

Betty Gordon, descending from her bedroom

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

after a quiet rest which had removed all traces of journey-fatigue, heard a pleasant tinkle of teacups and a light babel of chatter.

"Here comes my little country mouse," cried the hostess as Betty entered the dainty, chintz-covered drawing-room. "Well, my dear, did you have a good sleep? You surely must have after being buried down in the country for so long! And I want to put her on the right track at once—" Mrs. Carton looked round on the company with an air of breathless expectancy. She was genuinely anxious to see Betty's first London experience and attractive girl should thoroughly enjoy it.

"Why not take her to the 'Omni-gatherum' Ball to-night? We're all going, and it's sure to be amusing!" A slim young man was addressing the newcomer with distinct approval. Then he added, as he turned towards his hostess:

"I'll see that both of you have an excellent time."

And so it was decided—Betty was to be taken to her first ball.

"But I feel like Cinderella!" she protested later to Mrs. Carton when the tea-drinking guests had taken a belated departure. "I haven't anything fit to wear at a big London ball. I intended to buy several new frocks to-morrow. There isn't time now. So I really can't go!"

"Nonsense, child! You'd look lovely in anything. Come upstairs and let me see what you've brought with you."

"This is the only thing that might possibly do," said Betty a few minutes later, wringing her hands in despair. "It's a simple, old-fashioned, plain little white frock for Mrs. Carton's inspection. I know it's awfully simple and school-girlish, but I'll get some more suitable frocks at once."

"Wear it to-night, anyway," Mrs. Carton smiled into her anxious eyes. Betty could carry off any gown, however simple. She was satisfied of that. "And to-morrow you can go shopping. I wish I'd known when to be taken up myself to send with you. I must ring up some of the girls I know—they're right up to the minute in what's being worn! I know what to choose for myself, but I don't understand the 'new' style. However, sufficient unto the day." She broke off, laughing.

Three hours later found Betty and her hostess speeding off towards the ball.

"I don't doubt whatever she'll be a success!" whispered the slim young man who was sponsoring them for the evening, into Mrs. Carton's ear, as he helped them out of the taxicab.

She was looking supremely lovely in her simple little gown. Her copper-coloured hair, with its crushed, silky ripples and broken curls, was gathered loosely in a simple knot at the back of her small head, and waved low over her white forehead. Her deep-fringed eyes shone with excitement, and a lovely flush of colour rested on each rounded cheek.

She was soon bespoken by partners. The slim young man assigned a host of masculine maintenance all possessed of a burning wish to dance with her, to talk to her, to look at her.

Didn't I tell you that you were a beauty, Betty?" whispered the kindhearted Mrs. Carton at the first opportunity. "Why, you're achieving a triumph, my dear. You could have your programme filled twenty times over to-night!"

Betty laughed her delicious low little laugh. Life in London certainly was intoxicating. She wanted so desperately to forget all that had happened in the last few days. Surely, if anywhere, she would forget here!

No, I haven't any chance left at all. I'm so sorry I've lied Betty to several inquiries.

"Let's go into the conservatory for a breath of air. The atmosphere's so stifling here," said one of her partners, later. "I know my way about this place well. There's a quiet little alcove hidden away at the far end of this glass corridor—sure to be empty, as no one knows about it yet—let me take you there, and then I'll go back and bring you some claret-cup, or something."

He led her down the crowded corridor, and through the equally crowded conservatory. At the far end of it he stopped.

"There's the little alcove, behind those ferns and palms and things, over there," he said, pointing towards it, then mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. "Whew, I'm hot! I'll just toddle back and bring some claret-cup for both of us."

Betty walked towards the alcove. How deliciously cool and quiet it looked after the heat and noise and clanging music of the ballroom. She drew the fronds of a screening plant aside and took a deep breath of fresh air. Then she stopped suddenly in blank astonishment.

For before her was the big, auburn-haired man she had seen that morning at the London railway station, now dressed in a quiet, delicate, evening frock.

He was holding a slim blonde girl in his arms, raining kisses on her upturned face.

And the slim, blonde girl was April Moore.

There will be another fine instalment of this thrilling romance on Monday.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF DUTTON'S

SHORTHAND

THE 24-HOUR SYSTEM WITH ONLY SIX RULES

FIRST LESSON FREE.

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Dutton Shorthand Writers are now engaged in all of the following important Government Offices:

Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, National Service, and many other Subsidiary Departmental Offices.

RECORD PROGRESS AT L.C.C. INSTITUTES.

Dutton Shorthand Classes were inaugurated at four London County Council Senior Commercial Institutes last September, and record progress has been made in spite of classes which have frequently had to be abandoned because of air raids. Students from every Dutton Class at the Royal Society of Arts Elementary Certificate (Test 20 words per minute) on Thursday, March 21st last. At the monthly Speed Examination held in connection with each Dutton Class, students from every class were successful in making 25-minute tests on strange material at 70 words per minute. The tests were independently conducted by the London County Council Education Authorities will be interested to hear that 2,000 Teachers in all parts of the country are now going through a course of instruction with a view to taking the Dutton Shorthand Teachers' Diploma in good time for the 1918 Winter Session. Enquiries are invited from Local Education Officers.

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND AT HARROD'S STORES, LTD.

The world-famous firm of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., a huge business organisation, since last date, as a principle of being up to date—have their own St. Training Class. Up to a week's age another system, and used exclusively. Recently, regarding additional help on their clerical staff, Messrs. Harrod's commissioned the services of the Dutton Institute, and a course of tuition in the rapid Dutton Shorthand. Five weeks after the start several of the students were being employed as efficient shorthand writers, an accomplishment hitherto undreamed of. As the result of this remarkable progress, Messrs. Harrod's have now definitely adopted the Dutton system to be permanently taught in their school.

A SCEPTIC'S TESTIMONIAL.

Some three months ago I procured a manual of your admirable system of shorthand. Since last date, as a principle of being up to date—have their own St. Training Class. Up to a week's age another system, and used exclusively. Recently, regarding additional help on their clerical staff, Messrs. Harrod's commissioned the services of the Dutton Institute, and a course of tuition in the rapid Dutton Shorthand. Five weeks after the start several of the students were being employed as efficient shorthand writers, an accomplishment hitherto undreamed of. As the result of this remarkable progress, Messrs. Harrod's have now definitely adopted the Dutton system to be permanently taught in their school.

I shall certainly recommend your course of instruction in shorthand to anyone to whom I know it will be useful. I have already been granted an increase in Salary of £22 10s. 0d. per annum, and a further increase in a few months' time. I had previously spent several months trying to learn another old-fashioned system, but had to give it up as owing to my employment in a Government Department in which the detail and instructions call for a high standard of accuracy. I wish to study the other system was too great a burden after a heavy day's work.

THE HIGH SPEED SYSTEM.

Although the Dutton System is so simple that its complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours, it is nevertheless a high-speed system. On March 21st last Dutton writers sat for the Royal Society of Arts Certificate, taking tests at all speeds, 50 to 140 words per minute. London Chamber of Commerce has gone now at a rate of 100 to 120 words per minute for ten minutes) were gained by Dutton writers in November.

FIRST LESSON FREE.

A Specimen Lesson in Dutton Shorthand, comparison with other methods, particulars of the Special Postal Course of Tuition, and of the Dutton Branch, conducted at the London Branch (92 and 93, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, 4 doors west of the British Museum), will be forwarded to every reader sending two stamps to Dutton's National Business College, Room R, SKEGNESS.

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THE BENNETT COLLEGE, (Dept. 1), SHEFFIELD.

THE LORD OF THE LARDER:

BY MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY,
IN THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."

A SOCIAL EVENT.



At Chipping, near Preston, Lancs., Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Algernon F. Stanley, D.S.O., was married to Viscountess Crichton, widow of Viscount Crichton, who was killed in action in the early days of the war.

Daily Mirror

CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY



Sergeant Williamson and Mr. Percy D. Scholes, musical organiser of the Y.M.C.A., with trench-made musical instruments captured from the Germans. These captures of musical munitions are very welcome to our own soldiers and a terrible loss to Fritz. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

IN TO-DAY'S NEWS.

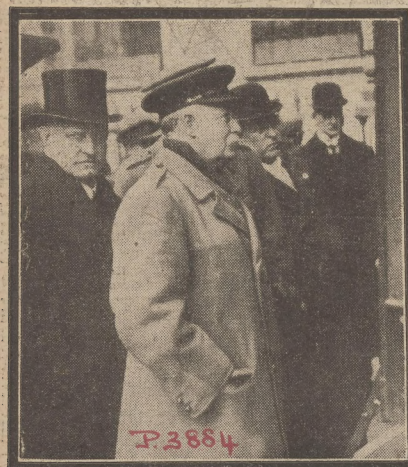


KILLED.—Capt. S. Cross, R.A.M.C., a Newcastle doctor, killed while attending to a wounded man during the great battle.



MARRIED.—Hon. Bertha Dewar, daughter of Lord Forvie, to be married to day to Captain J. A. Sturton at Aberlathie Parish Church.

AMBULANCES FROM SPORTSMEN.



General Wilkinson, on behalf of the Essex Motor Volunteers, inspects an ambulance from the National Sporting Club. Mr. A. F. Bettinson, of the N.S.C., with the General.



FOR SERBIA.—Lady Grogan, who is the chief controller of the doctors' and nurses' equipment organisation of the Serbian Relief Fund.



WOUNDED.—Cpl. Fred Neville, D.C.M., M.A., personal dispatch rider to Lord French, who has been severely wounded in the chest.

KAISER ENTHRONED AT JERUSALEM



Fresco at the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives painted to commemorate the theatrical entry of the Kaiser and Kaiserin into Jerusalem in 1917. A characteristic expression of the Emperor's modesty.

SOME LEADERS OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION.



From left to right: Front row, Miss Christobel Ellis, Lady Londonderry, Lady Titchfield. Back row, Mrs. Antrobus, Mrs. Nugent Alfieri, Lady Masserene and Ferrard, Miss Brookbank, Miss Esplin. The Legion is renamed the War Services Legion.

PRESENTATION TO WOMEN CANTEN WORKERS.



Sir Francis Lloyd presents badges to volunteer women canteen workers at the Buckingham Palace Hotel Church Army Hostel. Miss McFarlane, on the left, has attended 221 shifts at the canteens.